

The Games We Play: 1/?

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Summary: This is the first part of my long fanfic 'The Games We Play'. Hope you like it, but either way I would appreciate some reviews. ;)

The Games We Play: 1/?

> <meta name="Generator"> \*AndrAIa narrates this part\*

\*AndrAIa narrates this part\*

The game began to desolve, and I watched Enzo lie there....helpless.  
'No!' I had cried. He had been

violently put into two pieces. I knew that Game Sprite mode would  
save us...but we would be trapped in the

game...until we could win anyway.

Once again the same game came up. I looked towards the window where  
Enzo was trapped. Of course, the

game had restored his body, but he lay unconscience with the ninja  
like clothing on. The User had chosen me,

and that was just fine by me as long as the heartless User didn't  
pick Enzo's character.

Frisket and I were put down unto the playing ground. 'Frisket, go  
keep the User busy,' I commanded the dog

that protected Enzo, and now did the same for me. While Frisket  
fought off Zaytan (which the User seemed to

pick as his character each time) I went up to the stained glass  
window which contained Enzo just behind it.

'Enzo! Enzo, sit up. Are you okay?' He slowly began to rise and he

leaned up against the glass wall, absently.

'Enzo, are you okay,' I asked once again. He slowly shook his head. 'Then what is the matter?' With a burst of

energy he turned. 'AndrAIa, look out!' The User just bearily missed me. Thank the Net Enzo had said something.

*\*Present\**

All of these thoughts clouded AndrAIa's mind before she leaned up against Frisket to go to sleep. It was

weird sleeping in a game again, and especially for Enzo. -Most- Users did not play at the late hours of the night,

luckily this was one of those Users.

AndrAIa again was awake, deep in thought. She wished she was not in this game. When a game was not

being played nothing happened, only AI game sprites were out, and the lighting was dim, as if someone had

flipped a switch.

Her thoughts soon shifted over to Enzo. AndrAIa had noticed that something was wrong with his right eye. He

had kept it closed tightly, and had not complained. Though, she knew something was wrong, seriously wrong.

She remembered his eye getting injured earlier, but hadn't the User restored it the first time around? What kind

of a sick person would not want to restore something that vital.

"Enzo," she called from behind the window. Frisket's ears twitched in his sleep at the sound, but he remained

unaware of the outside world. Soon a weak voice responded from the window beside AndrAIa's. "AndrAIa...I'm

sorry. I've cost you...everything. Your new home, a life outside of the games, everything. And I just wanted you to

know...that I'm sorry."

AndrAIa looked over at the window he was in. The left side of his face was gently pressed up against the

thick glass. She could tell easily that he was in severe pain. His hair stuck to his forehead with sweat, and his

normal, vibrant skin tone had faded to a light green hue. She finally spoke, "Enzo you have cost me nothing.

You are the reason I came out of the game. You are my only true friend, my best friend, and whatever you do

you will never disappoint me." She stopped for a nano and laughed inwardly at the surprised look he was giving

her. "Now that I have told you that," she continued, "tell me how your eye is!"

Enzo felt himself smile a bit at her worried statement, but at the same time thought.

She shouldn't be worried, it's just me. "It's okay, I guess. I have a feeling though that if I don't get some help

soon it won't heal right." AndrAIa frowned at the way he was acting. She knew he was not telling her everything.

She wanted him to get upset, and get worried, this was something important, and yet, he just sat there in pain,

trying his best not to show it.

Knowing that he was in pain, she was thankful that the User had barely chosen her, and had not even

seemed to take a glimpse at Enzo's character. Throughout the night AndrAIa talked to Enzo. She had wanted

and definitely needed sleep, but she knew there was always the chance that if Enzo were to fall asleep he might

go unconscience again, and that could turn into a dangerous matter.

They mainly talked of Mainframe, and of the fun easy life they had had when they first met. Each word of

the beautiful system, or the time that it was that way, made Enzo long for it more and the sprites in it. He would

get back to Mainframe. Soon.

In the early micros of the morning the User decided to play a game. Enzo and AndrAIa had noticed by now

the User was very boring, and picked the same demonic character each time. Always making the same basic

moves.

Enzo sat and watched as 'Zaytan' was placed into the fighting ring. Enzo knew that AndrAIa was an

excellent game player, and hoped the User would skip him this time too. He felt a little guilty for wishing this

upon AndrAIa and Frisket, but the pain in his eye, which was now to the point of almost being unbearable, he

knew he would be distracted by it if he were to play. That was all they needed was to lose this game again.

The game went on and picked through the other chracters, and game sprites with ease. Finally, though

AndrAIa and Frisket were picked, and placed on the ground.

By the third round things were not going well for AndrAIa and Frisket. In fact, the same thing had happened

to them as when Enzo was playing.

The first round was simple for them, and they one with ease, but the second wasn't that easy, and they lost,

once again round three would be the decider.

\*Nanos later\*

Frisket lay on the marble floor unconscience from blows he had received from the User. AndrAIa was not

doing well either, and was soon caught in a corner, flat on her back. In one strike she was unconscience also.

Unaware of what was happening...she was on her own and could not defend herself, nor could anyone help her.

Enzo watched helplessly as AndrAIa lost the firey demon. Seeing her laying there unconscience he wanted

to delete, it should have been different.

Zaytan placed his boney fingers atop AndrAIa's head and.....

"Noooooooo," sceamed Enzo, saying the exact words as AndrAIa had earlier. Enzo soon panicked as the game did

not restart. On what used to be AndrAIa and Frisket's character card a sign appeared, a sign of defeat. His eyes

shifted across the room's interior praying he had just dreamed all of this up. The User still had to win against two

more characters, and he wished that he would be chosen, but at the same time was concerned how would he fair

against something twice his size, while having an injury?

Looking towards the gaming ground he saw a game sprite had already been chosen. Turning his head

carefully so as to not pro-long his pain he looked at the window where his friends had been. A scowl easily

formed on his face, the pulling of his face muscles caused pain to his eye, but he didn't care. He just let the pain

run through...it didn't matter anymore.

The User only had to beat one more player. Enzo hoped it would be he.  
If he were to win this time they

would be back in Mainframe, or so he thought.

His wish was granted as his glass window lit up, nad released him  
from the prison. Being placed unto stable

ground again felt weird. It had been a whole second since he had even  
stood up. How will I do this?

His legs felt weak and wobbly, but the thought of what the User had  
done to AndrAIa gave him stength. He

wanted to get even.

Glaring at the User with his good eye, Enzo waited for Zaytan to  
approach him. Stepping forward, Zaytan

looked as though he was laughing at the small sprite before him. The  
User figured this would be simple.

Showing no emotion, Enzo battled out the User. This time things  
turned around a bit, but at the same time

not all things were working out. The first round was lost because of  
his weakness. The second round was only won

because there was a glitch in the User's program, causing Zaytan to  
move at an extremely slow speed, giving

Enzo the advantage. The third round had hurt AndrAIa and him already.  
If he lost this AndrAIa would not be

able to get medical attention, nor would he, that worried  
him.

Knowing that it all depended on him made him made him nervous, and  
thoughts crept into his head,

building fear inside of his soul. We know how this turned out last  
time, he thought bitterly.

End  
file.